











by

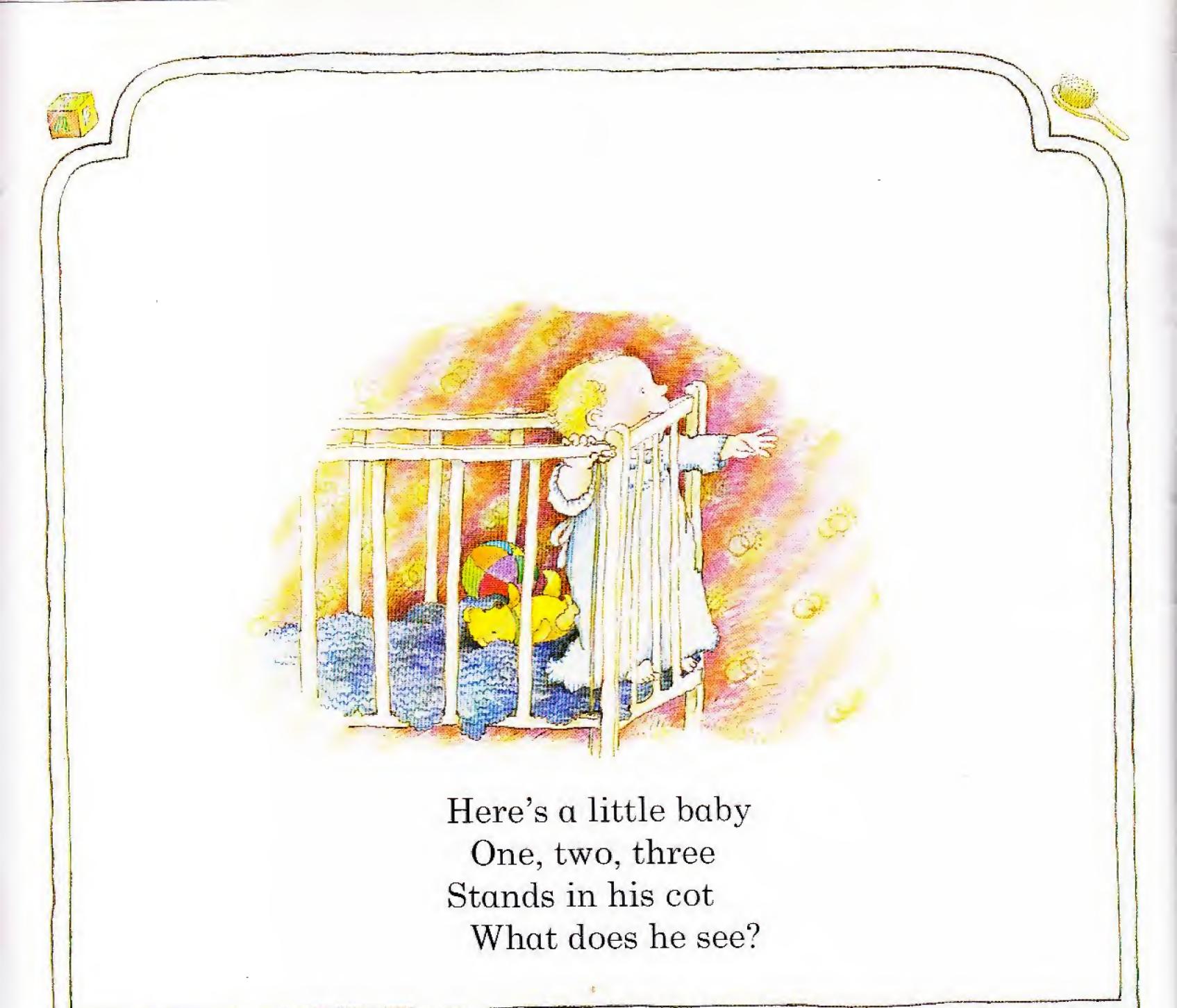
Janet & Allan Ahlberg

PUFFIN BOOKS







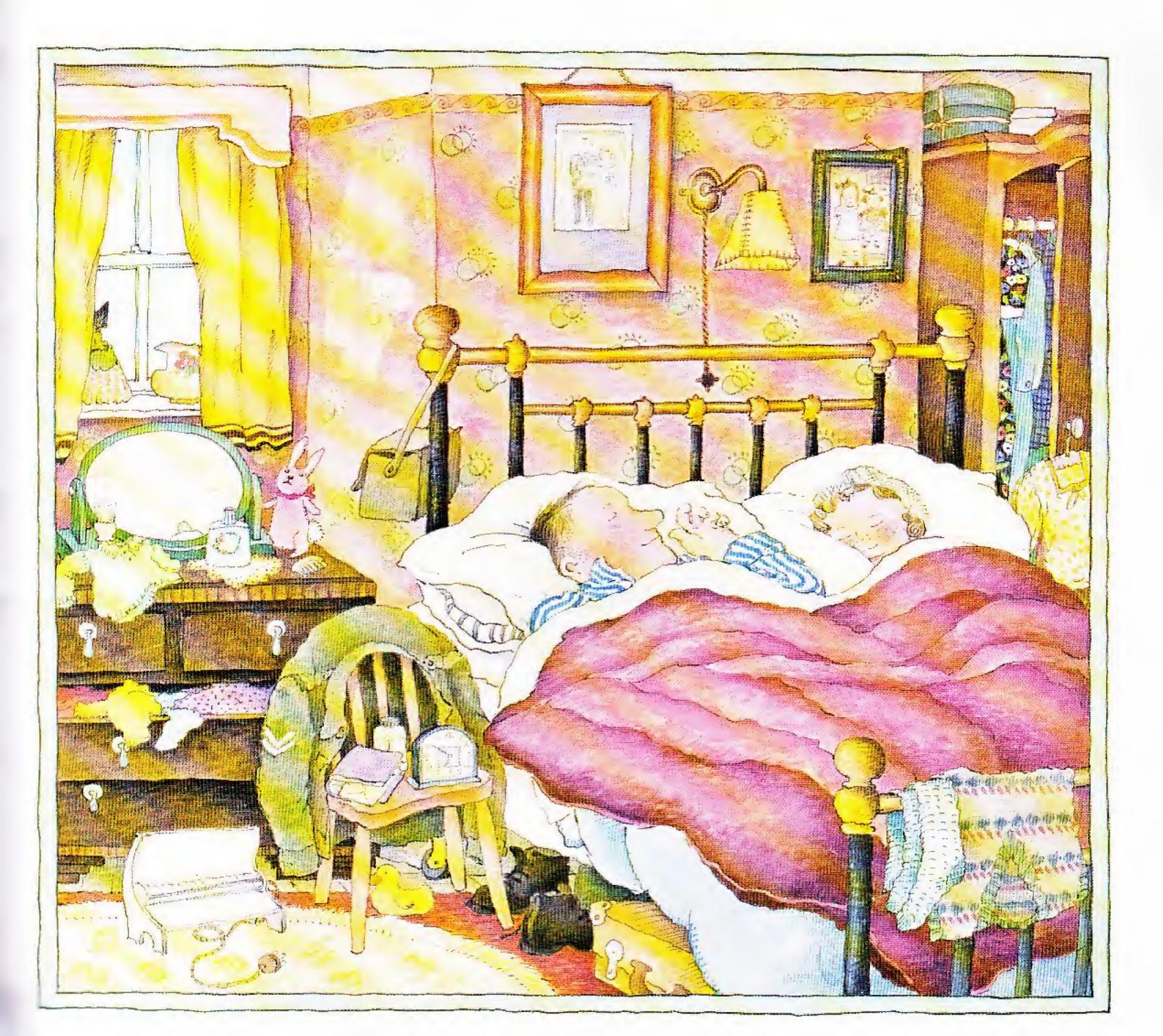


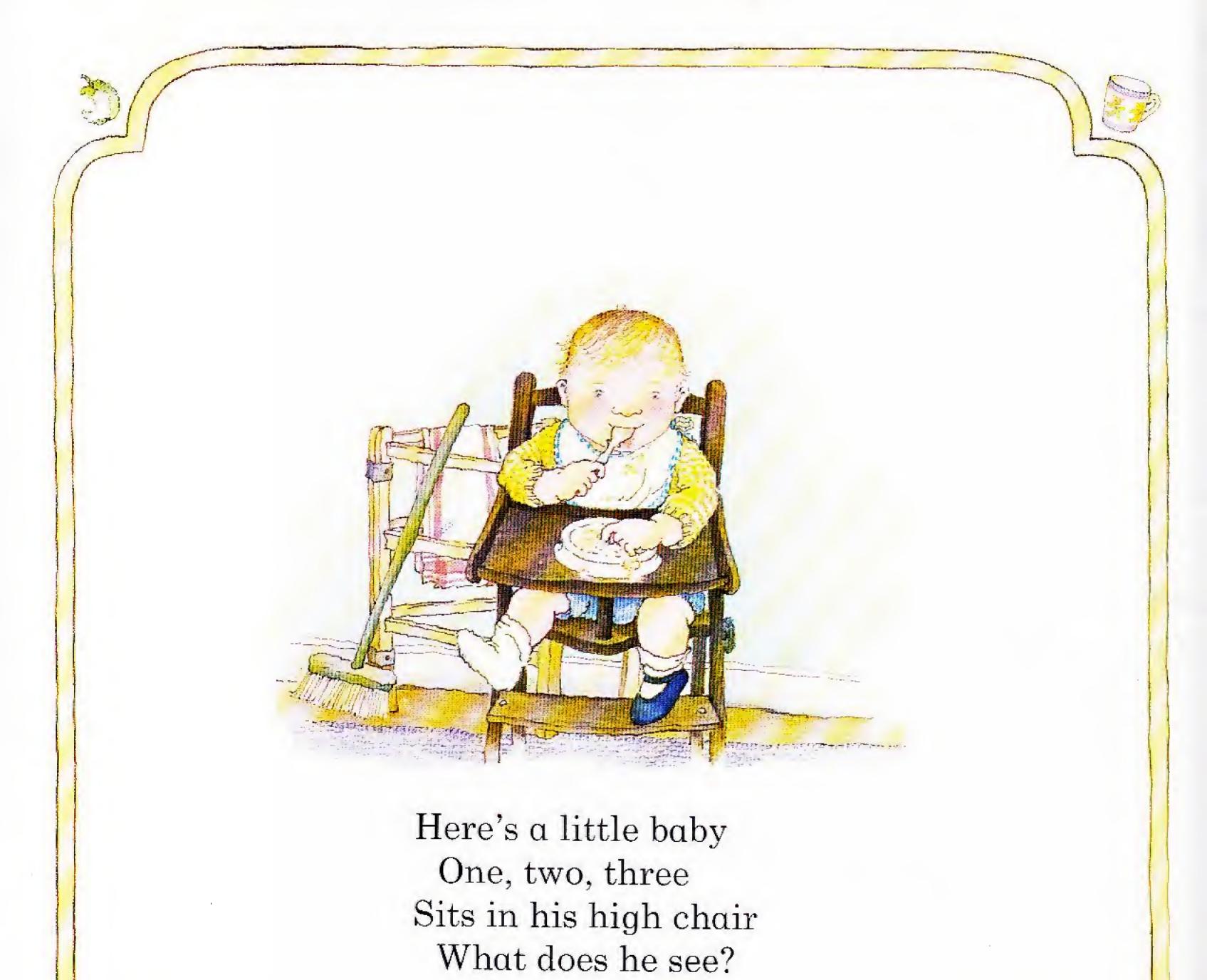


He sees his father sleeping
In the big brass bed
And his mother too
With a hairnet on her head.



He sees the shadows moving
On the bedroom wall
And the sun at the window
And his teddy
And his ball.



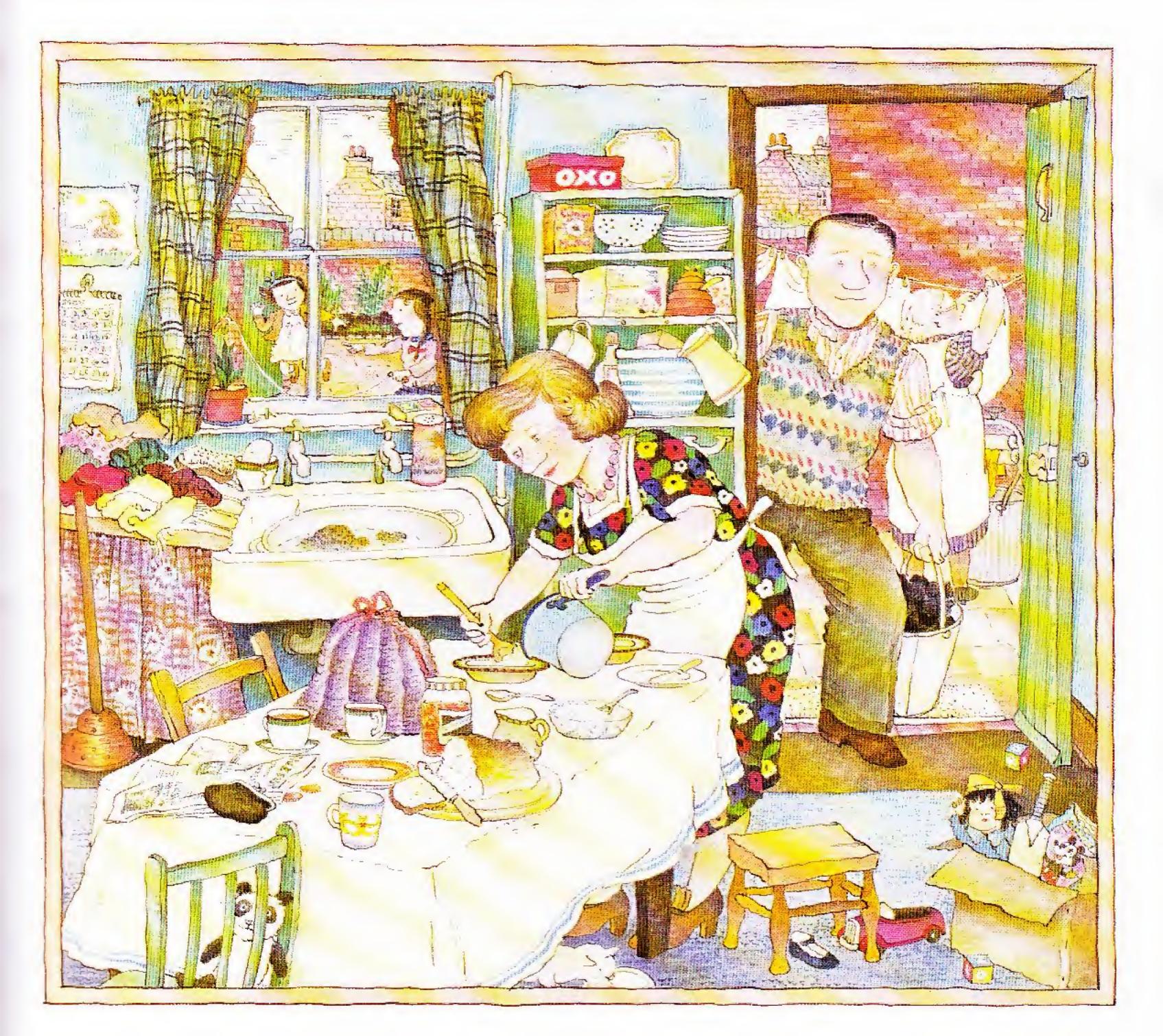


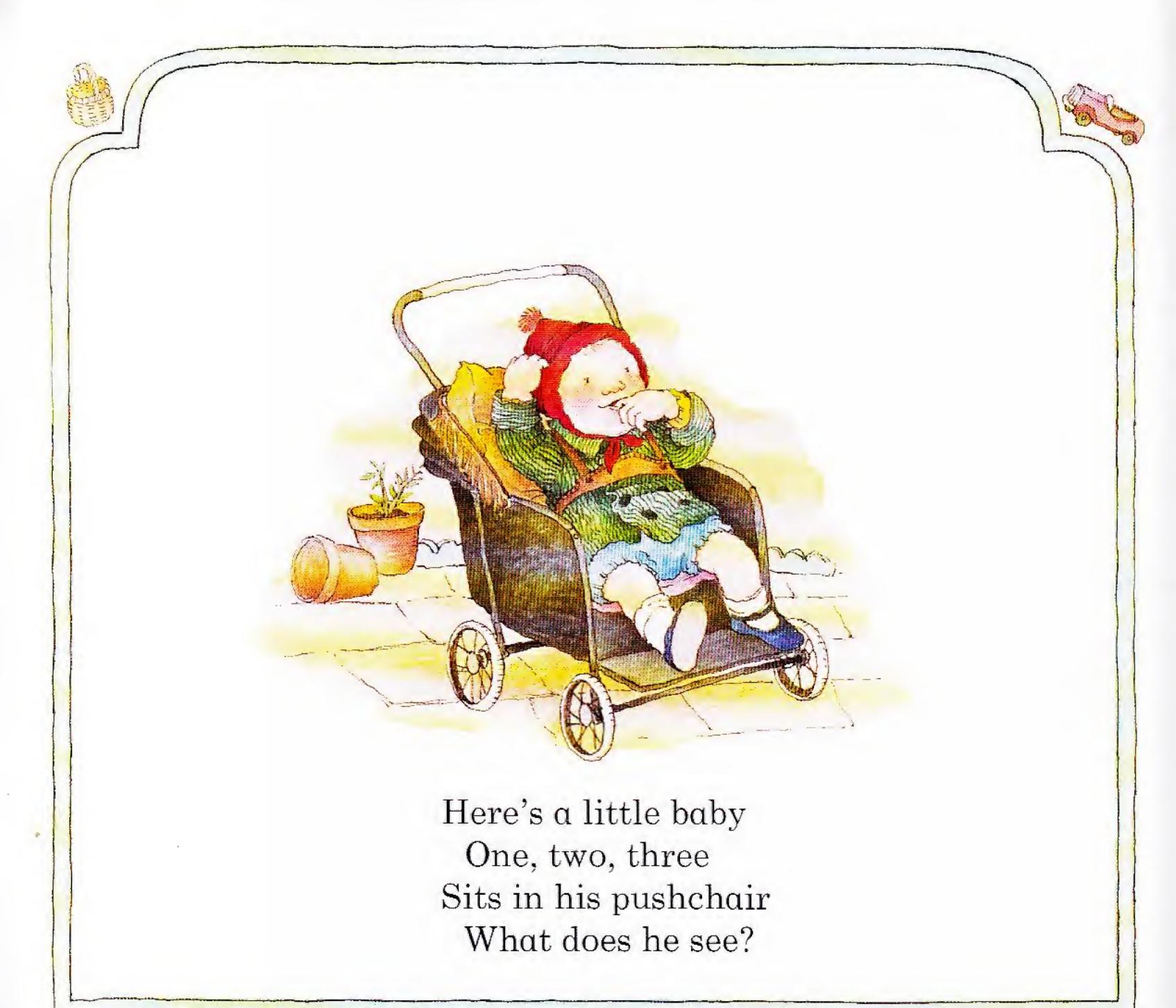


He sees his mother pouring
Hot porridge in a bowl
And his father in the doorway
With a bucketful of coal.



He sees his sisters skipping
In the yard outside
And his grandma pegging washing
On the clothes-line
To be dried.







He sees a bonfire smoking
Pigeons in the sky
His mother cleaning windows
A dog going by.



He sees his sisters searching
For a jar or tin
To take up to the park
And catch fishes in.







He sees his sisters fishing
With a brown stocking net
And dresses tucked in knickers
And legs shiny wet.



He sees the tassels blowing
On his grandma's shawl
And the fringe on the pushchair
And his teddy
And his ball.





Here's a little baby
One, two, three
Sits on his sister's lap
What does he see?

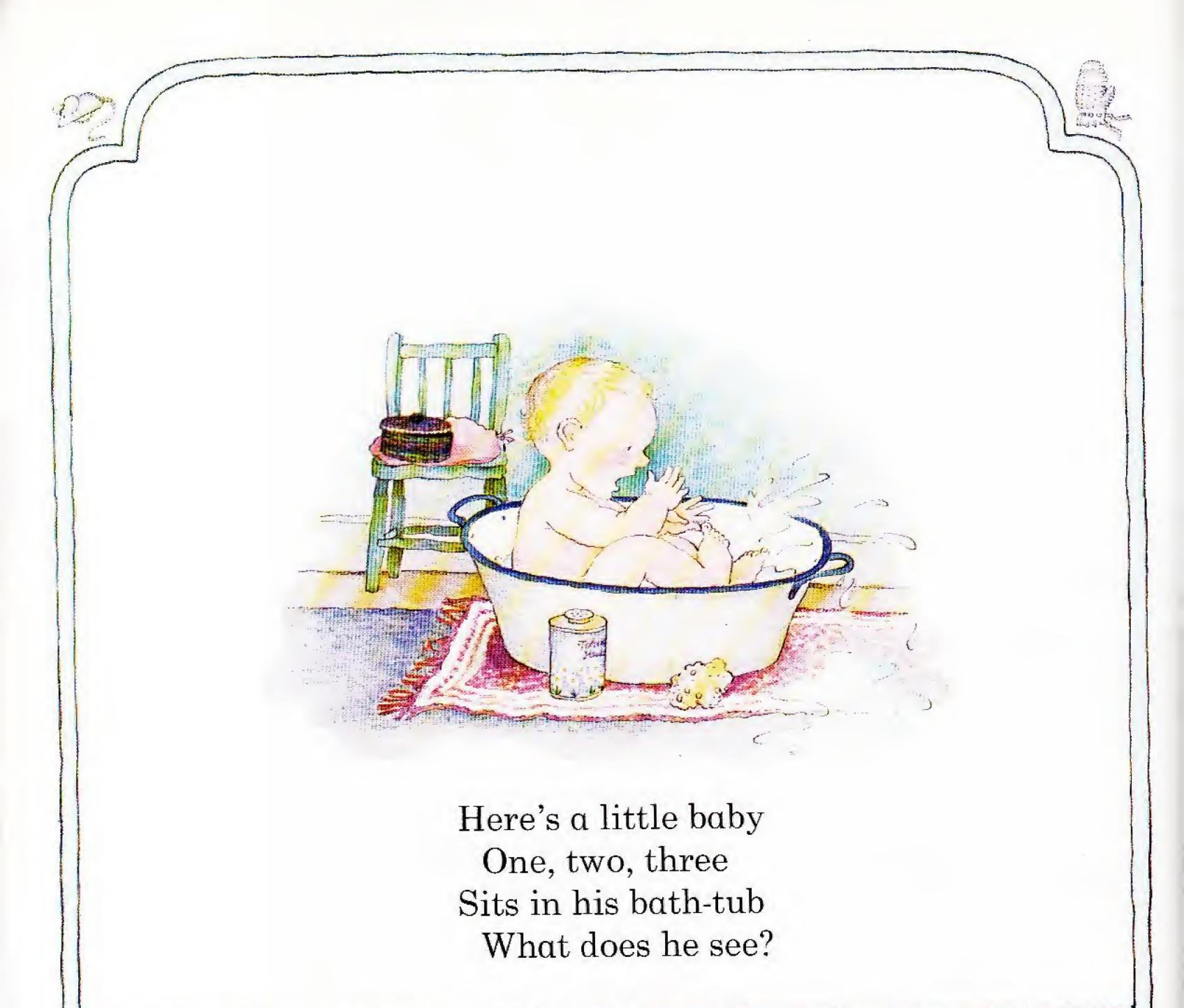


He sees his grandma ironing
His father pouring tea
His other sister squabbling
She wants him on her knee.



He sees his mother dozing
In the easy chair
And a dog in the doorway
Who shouldn't be there.











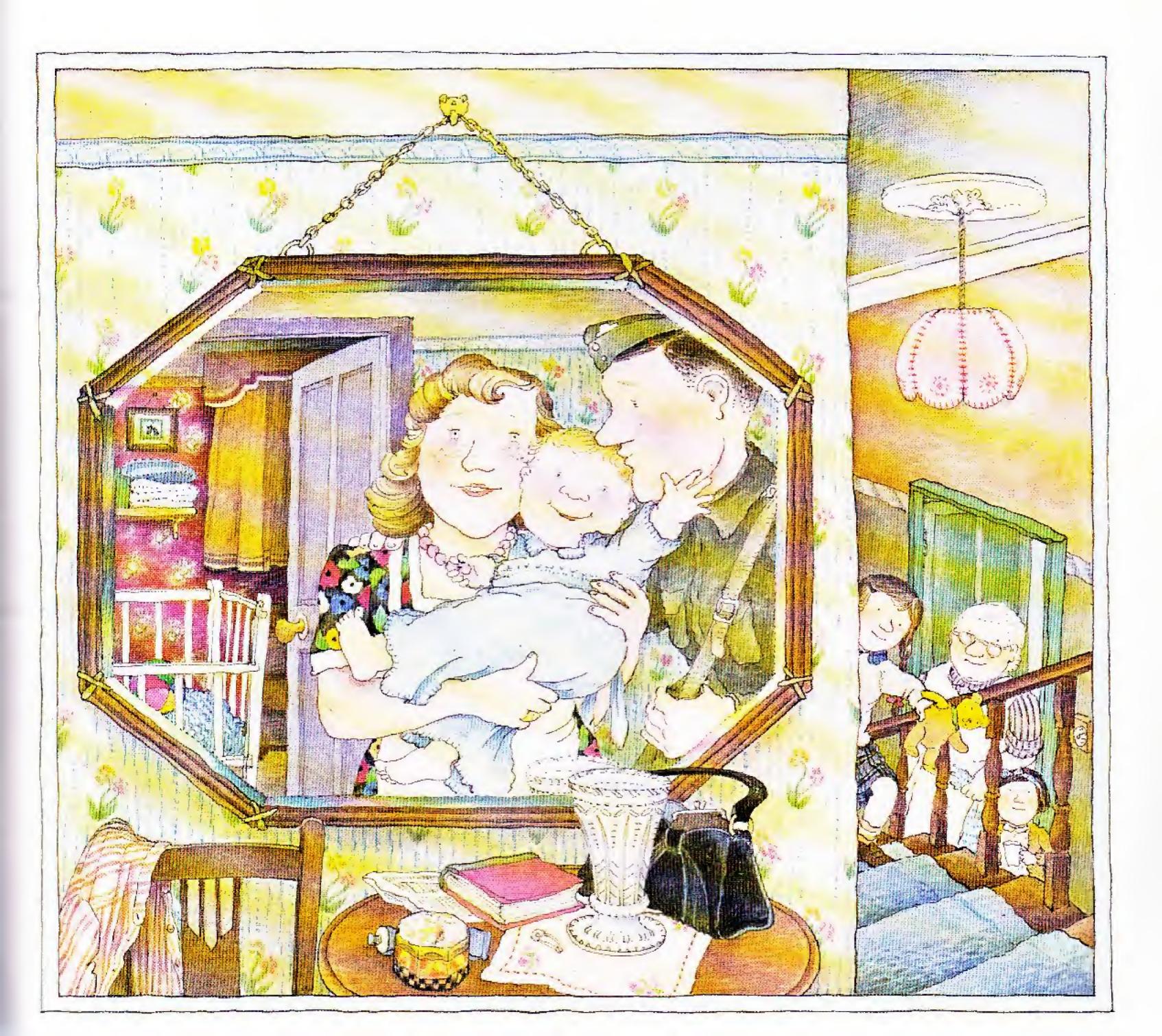
Here's a little baby
One, two, three
On his way to bed
What does he see?



He sees the landing mirror
With its rainbow rim
And a mother with a baby
Just like him.



He sees the bedroom door
The cot made ready
His father kissing him goodnight
His ball
And his teddy.





Here's a little baby
One, two, three
Fast asleep and dreaming
What did he see?

